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**ARCHAICA.**

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**PART III.**

**CONTAINING**

**THE TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH.**

**BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.**





THE  
**TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH;**

OR,

**A consolatory Epistle for afflicted Minds,**

IN THE

**AFFECTS OF DYING FRIENDS.**

BY

**ROBERT SOUTHWELL,**

THE AUTHOR OF S. PETER'S COMPLAINT, AND MCEONIE, OR HYMNS.

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REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1596.

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LONDON:

*From the Private Press*

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1814.





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## Advertisement.

FOR memorials of ROBERT SOUTHWELL, the eloquent author of *The Triumphs over Death*, now reprinted, it is better to refer to Mr. Park's communication in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1798), vol. lxxviii. p. 933, drawn up with habits and powers of research, which so distinguish his investigations into the poetical bibliography of England, or to the still fuller Notices which Mr. Haslewood, working on that foundation, has drawn up for *Censura Literaria*, vol. vi. p. 285, with all the indefatigable care and never-relaxing curiosity, which are so well known to belong to him, than to repeat that, to which the Editor can add neither novelty nor ornament.

Robert Southwell sprung from an ancient family in Suffolk and Norfolk, since ennobled in two of its branches. He was born about 1560, educated at the university of Douay, and at the age of sixteen, received into the society of Jesuits at Rome. In 1584 he came as a missionary to England, and was domesticated with Anne Countess of Arundel, who died in the Tower.

In 1592 he was himself committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of secret conspiracies against the government. After suffering a strict incarceration for three years, during which he was put to the torture not less than ten times, he was brought to trial at the bar of the King's Bench, Feb. 20, 1595; and being there condemned to death, was executed the next day at Tyburn.

He was a man of great parts. Dod, in his *Church History*, 1738,



## ADVERTISEMENT.

speaks of him as happy in a peculiar talent of expressing himself in the English language, both in prose and verse. Edmund Bolton, in his *Hypercritica*, written about 1616 (though not published till 1722), says, “ Never must be forgotten *St. Peter’s Complaint*, and those other serious poems, said to be Father Southwell’s; the English whereof as it is most proper, so the sharpness and light of wit is very rare in them.”

His *St. Peter’s Complaint, with other Poems*, was first printed in 1595, 4to.; again 1597, 1599; again by H. L. for W. Leake, n. d.; again 1615, 1620, augmented by *St. Mary Magdalen’s Funeral Tears*<sup>1</sup>; again 1630, 1634.

His *Mæoniæ, certain excellent Poems, and spiritual Hymns*, appeared 1595, 1596, &c.

The first edition of *The Triumphs over Death* was printed by Valentine Simmes, for John Busbie, 1596, 4to.

This *Epistle* was composed on the death of Lady Margaret, wife of the Hon. Robert Sackville, son and heir apparent of Thomas, then *Lord Buckhurst*, whom he succeeded as *second Earl of Dorset* in 1608. She was daughter of Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, by Margaret, his second wife, daughter of Thomas Lord Audley of Warden, sister to Thomas, afterwards first Earl of Suffolk.

“ In what a beautiful strain of panegyric,” says Mr. Haslewood<sup>2</sup>, “ are these *Triumphs!* the pen of the master and the gifts of the Muse flow in unison to delineate the character of the deceased Margaret; and little has the mould of age affected it!”

<sup>1</sup> There seems to have been a separate edition of this in 1609.

<sup>2</sup> *Cens. Lit.* ut supr.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

In the two former parts of the *ARCHAICA* have been exhibited the compositions of one who dealt with the vanities of the world, and placed his reputation on the power to feed the earthly passions of the multitude: the pen of Father Southwell flows in a far different strain. A deep moral pathos, illuminated by fervent piety, marked every thing he wrote, whether in prose or verse. There is something singularly simple, chaste, eloquent, and fluent in his diction on all occasions.

Perhaps it may be here not ill placed to give a specimen of his poetry, on a topic congenial to the subject of the present reprint.

### UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

*(From Southwell's *Mæonia*, 1595.)*

BEFORE my face the picture hang,  
That daily should put me in mind  
Of those cold names and bitter pang,  
That shortly I am like to find:  
But yet, alas, full little I  
Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon a face  
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;  
I often view the hollow place,  
Where eyes and nose have sometime been.  
I see the bones, across that lie,  
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,  
That telleth me whereto I must;  
I see the sentence eke that saith,  
"Remember man that thou art dust:"  
But yet, alas, but seldom I  
Do think indeed that I must die.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

Continually at my bed's head  
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell,  
That I ere morning may be dead,  
Though now I feel myself full well :  
But now, alas, for all this I  
Have little mind that I must die.

The gown, which I do use to wear,  
The knife, wherewith I cut my meat,  
And eke that old and ancient chair,  
Which is my only usual seat ;  
All those do tell me I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,  
And many of my mates are gone ;  
My youngers daily drop away,  
And can I think to 'scape alone ?  
No, no ; I know that I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon for all his wits,  
Nor Sampson, though he were so strong,  
No king nor ever person yet  
Could 'scape, but death laid him along :  
Wherefore I know that I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

Though all the east did quake to hear  
Of Alexander's dreadful name ;  
And all the west did likewise fear  
To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame :  
Yet both by death in dust now lie :  
Who then can 'scape, but he must die ?

If none can 'scape death's dreadful dart,  
If rich and poor his beck obey,  
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,  
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.  
O grant me grace, O God, that I  
My life may mend, sith I must die.

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THE  
**TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH;**

OR,

**A consolatory Epistle for afflicted Minds,**

IN THE

**AFFECTS OF DYING FRIENDS.**

FIRST WRITTEN FOR THE CONSOLATION OF ONE;

BUT

NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE GENERAL GOOD OF ALL,

BY R. S.

THE AUTHOR OF S. PETER'S COMPLAINT, AND MÆONIE HIS OTHER HYMNS.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY VALENTINE SIMMES, FOR JOHN BUSBIE;

AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT NICHOLAS LING'S SHOP, AT THE WEST END OF PAUL'S CHURCH.

1596.





TO THE  
WORSHIPFUL M. RICHARD SACKVILE,  
EDWARD SACKVILE, CICILIA SACKFILE, AND ANNE SACKVILE,

*The hopeful Issues of the Hon. Gentleman, Master Robert Sackville, Esq.*

---

*Most lines do not the best conceit contain ;  
Few words, well couch'd, may comprehend much matter :  
Then, as to use the first is counted vain,  
So is't praise-worthy to conceit the latter ;  
The gravest wits that most grave works expect,  
The quality, not quantity respect.*

*The smallest spark will cast a burning heat ;  
Base cottages may harbour things of worth :  
Then though this volume be, nor gay, nor great,  
Which under your protection I set forth,  
Do not with coy disdainful oversight  
Deny to read this well-meant orphan's mite.*

*And since his father in his infancy  
Provided patrons to protect his heir ;  
But now by Death's none-sparing cruelty  
Is turn'd an orphan to the open air ;*

*I, his unworthy foster-sire, have dar'd  
To make you patronizer of this ward.*

*You glorying issues of that glorious dame,  
Whose life is made the subject of death's will,  
To you succeeding hopes of mother's fame,  
I dedicate this fruit of Southwell's quill:  
He, for your uncle's comfort, first it writ,  
I, for your consolation, print and send you it.*

*Then deign in kindness to accept the work,  
Which he in kindness writ, I send to you,  
The which till now clouded, obscure did lurk:  
But now opposed to each reader's view,  
May yield commodious fruit to every wight,  
That feels his conscience prick'd by Parca's spight.*

*But if in aught I have presumptuous been,  
My pardon-craving pen implores your favour;  
If any fault in print be past unseen,  
To let it pass the printer is the craver:  
So shall he thank you; and I, by duty bound,  
Pray that in you may all good gifts abound.*

*Your worships' humbly devoted,*

**JOHN TRUSSELL.**

---

R READ with regard, what here with due regard,  
O Our second Ciceronian Southwell sent ;  
B By whose persuasive pithy argument,  
E Each well-disposed eye may be prepar'd,  
R Respectively their grief for friends' decease  
T To moderate without all vain excess.

S Sith then the work is worthy of your view,  
O Obtract not him which for your good it penn'd:  
U Unkind you are if you it reprehend,  
T That for your profit it presented you :  
H He penn'd, I publish this to pleasure all ;  
E Esteem of both, then, as we merit shall.

W Weigh his work's worth, accept of my good will,  
E Else is his labour lost, mine crost, both to no end :  
L Lest then you ill deserve what both intend,  
L Let my goodwill and small defects fulfil.  
He here his talent trebled doth present,  
I, my poor mite, yet both with good intent:  
Then take them kindly both, as we them meant.

JOHN TRUSSELL.



## TO THE READER.

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CHANCING to find with Æsop's cock a stone,  
 Whose worth was more than I knew how to prize;  
 And knowing if it should be kept unknown,  
 'Twould many scathe, and pleasure few or none;  
 I thought it best, the same in public wise  
 I print to publish, that impartial eyes  
 Might reading judge, and judging praise the wight,  
 The which this Triumph over Death did write.

And though the same he did at first compose  
 For one's peculiar consolation;  
 Yet will it be commodious unto those,  
 Which for some friend's loss prove their own self-foes;  
 And by extremity of exclamation,  
 And their continue lamentation,  
 Seem to forget that they at length must tread  
 The self-same path which they did that are dead.

But those as yet whom no friend's death doth cross,  
 May by example guide their actions so,  
 That when a tempest comes their bark to toss,  
 Their passions shall not superate their loss;

And eke this treatise doth the reader show,  
 That we our breath to death by duty owe,  
 And thereby proves, much tears are spent in vain,  
 When tears can not recal the dead again.

Yet if perhaps our late sprung sectaries,  
 Or, for a fashion, Bible-bearing hypocrites,  
 Whose hollow hearts do seem most holy wise,  
 Do, for the author's sake, the work despise,  
 I wish them weigh the work, and not who writes :  
 But they that leave what most the soul delights,  
 Because the preachers, no Precisian, sure,  
 To read what Southwell writ will not endure.

But leaving them, since no persuades suffice  
 To cause them read, except the spirit move,  
 I wish all other read, but not despise  
 This little treatise : but if Momus' eyes  
 Espy Death's Triumph, it doth him behove  
 This writer, work, or me for to reprove :  
 But let this pitch-speech'd mouth defile but one,  
 Let that be me, let t'other two alone ;  
 For if offence in either merit blame,  
 The fault is mine, and let me reap the shame.

JOHN TRUSSELL.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

---

*If the Athenians erected an altar to an unknown god, supposing he would be pleased with their devotion, though they were ignorant of his name, better may I presume that my labour may be grateful, being devoted to such men whose names I know, and whose fame I have heard, though unacquainted with their persons. I intended this comfort to him whom a lamenting sort hath left most comfortless, by him to his friends, who have equal portions in this sorrow. But I think the philosopher's rule will be here verified, that it shall be last in execution which was first designed; and he shall last enjoy the effect which was first owner of the cause: thus let Chance be our rule since Choice may not, and into which of your hands it shall fortune, much honour and happiness may it carry with it, and leave in their hearts as much joy as it found sorrow. Where I borrow the person of a history, as well touching the dead as the yet surviving, I build upon report of such authors, whose hoary heads challenge credit, and whose eyes and ears were witnesses of their words. To crave pardon for my pain were to slander a friendly office, and to wrong their courtesies, whom nobility never taught to answer affection with anger; or to wage duty with dislike; and therefore I humbly present unto them, with as many good wishes as goodwill can measure from the best meaning mind, that hath a willingness rather to afford, than to offer due service, were not the mean as worthless as the mind is willing.*

R. S.

THE  
**TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH;**  
OR,  
A CONSOLATORY EPISTLE FOR TROUBLED MINDS,  
IN THE AFFECTS OF DYING FRIENDS.

---

IF it be a blessing of the virtuous to mourn, it is the reward of this, to be comforted; and he that pronounced the one, promised the other: I doubt not, but that Spirit whose nature is love, and whose name Comforter, as he knows the cause of our grief, so hath he salved it with supplies of grace, pouring into your wound no less oil of mercy than wine of justice; yet, sith courtesy oweth compassion as a duty to the afflicted, and nature hath ingrafted a desire to find it, I thought good to shew you by proof, that you carry not your cares alone. Though the load that lieth on others can little lighten your burthen, her decease cannot but sit nearer your heart, whom you had taken so deep into a most tender affection.

That which dieth to our love being always alive to our sorrow, you would have been kind to a less loving sister: yet finding in her so many worths to be loved, your love wrought more earnestly upon so sweet a subject, which now being taken from you, I presume your grief is no less than your love was, the one of these being ever the measure of the other. The scripture moveth us to bring forth our tears on the dead, a thing not offending grace, and a right to reason. For to be without remorse in the death of friends, is neither incident nor convenient to the nature of man, having too much affinity

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to a savage temper, and overthrowing the ground of all piety, which is a mutual sympathy in each of others miseries : but as not to feel sorrow in sorrowful chances, is to want sense, so, not to bear it with moderation, is to want understanding ; the one brutish, the other effeminate, and he hath cast his account best that hath brought his sum to the mean.

It is no less fault to exceed in sorrow, than to pass the limits of competent mirth, sith excess in either is a disorder in passion, though that sorrow of courtesy be less blamed of men, because if it be a fault, it is also a punishment, at once causing and tasting torments. It is no good sign in the sick to be senseless in his pains ; as bad it is to be unusually sensitive, being both either harbingers or attendants of death. Let sadness, sith it is a due to the dead, testify a feeling of pity, not any pang of passion ; and bewray rather a tender than a dejected mind. Mourn, as that your friends may find you a living brother, all men a discreet mourner ; making sorrow a signal, not a superior of reason.

Some are so obstinate in their own will, that even time, the natural remedy of the most violent agonies, cannot by any delays assuage their grief ; they entertain their sorrow with solitary muses, and feed their sighs and tears ; they pine their bodies, and draw all pensive consideration to their minds, nursing their heaviness with a melancholy humour, as though they had vowed themselves to sadness, unwilling it should end till it had ended them, wherein their folly sometimes findeth a ready effect ; that being true which Solomon observed<sup>1</sup>, that as a moth the garment, and a worm the wood, so doth sadness persuade the heart. But this impotent softness fitteth not sober minds. We must not make a life's profession of a seven nights' duty, nor under colour of kindness be unnatural to ourselves : if some in their passion joined their thoughts into such labyrinths, that neither wit knoweth, nor will careth how long, or how far they

<sup>1</sup> Proverbs 25.

wander in them, it discovereth their weakness, but discerneth our meditation. It is (for the most) the fault, not of all, but of the seeliest women, who, next to the funeral of their friends, deem it a second widowhood to force their tears, and make it their happiness to seem most unhappy, as though they had only been left alive to be a perpetual map of dead folks' misfortunes: but this is to arm an enemy against ourselves, and to yield reason prisoner to passion, putting the sword in the rebel's hand, when we are least able to withstand his treason.

Sorrow once settled, is not lightly removed; easily winning, but not so easily surrendering possession; and where it is not excluded in time, it challengeth a place by prescription. The Scripture warneth us, not to give our hearts to sadness, yea, rather to reject it as a thing not beneficial to the dead, yea prejudicial to ourselves. Ecclesiasticus<sup>1</sup> alloweth but seven days to mourning, judging moderation in plaint to be a sufficient testimony in good will, and a needful office of wisdom. Much sorrow for the dead, is either the child of self-love or of rash judgment: if we should shed our tears for others' death, as a mean to our contentment, we shew but our own wound, perfect lovers of ourselves; if we lament their decease as their hard destiny, we attach them of evil deserving with too peremptory a censure, as though their life had been an arise, and their death a leap into final perdition; for otherwise a good departure craveth small condoling, being but a harbour from storms, and an entrance unto felicity.

But you know your sister too well to incur any blame in these respects; and experience of her life hath stored your thoughts with notice of so rare virtues, as might sooner make her memory an enforcement to joy than any inducement to sorrow, and move you to esteem her last duties rather the triumph of her victory than the farewells of her decease. She was by birth second to none, but unto the first in the realm, yet she measured only greatness by

<sup>1</sup> Ecclesiasticus 38.

goodness, making nobility but the mirror of virtue, as able to shew things worthy to be seen, as apt to draw many eyes to behold it; she suited her behaviour to her birth, and ennobled her birth with her piety, leaving her house more beholden to her for having honoured it with the glory of her virtues than she was to it for the titles of her degree; she was high minded in nothing but in aspiring to perfection and in the disdain of vice; in other things covering her greatness with humility among her inferiors, and shewing it with courtesy amongst her peers.

Of the carriage of herself, and her sober government may be a sufficient testimony that envy herself was dumb in her dispraise, finding in her much to repine at, but nought to reprove: the clearness of her honour I need not to mention, she having always armed it with such modesty as taught the most untemperate tongues to be silent in her presence, and answered their eyes with scorn and contempt that did but seem to make her an aim to passion; yea, and in this behalf, as almost in all others, she hath the most honourable and known ladies of the land, so common and known witnesses, that those that least loved her religion, were in love with her demeanour, delivering their opinions in open praises. How mildly she accepted the check of fortune, fallen upon her without desert, experience hath been a most manifest proof, the temper of her mind being so easy that she found little difficulty in taking down her thoughts to a mean degree, which true honour, not pride, hath raised to the former height. Her faithfulness and love, where she found true friendship, is written with tears in many eyes, and will be longer registered in grateful memories of divers that have tried her in that kind, avowing her for secrecy, wisdom, and constancy, to be a miracle in that sex: yea, when she found least kindness in others, she never lost it in herself, more willingly suffering than offering wrong, and often weeping for their mishaps, whom though less loving her, she could not but affect.

Of the innocency of her life this general all can aver, that as

she was grateful many ways, and memorable for virtues, so was she free from all blemish of any vice, using, to her power, the best means to keep continually an undefiled conscience. Her attire was ever such as might both satisfy a curious eye, and yet bear witness of a sober mind; neither singular nor vain, but such as her peers of least report used. Her tongue was very little acquainted with oaths, unless either duty or distrust did enforce them; and surely they were needless to those that knew her, to whom the truth of her words could not justly be suspected: much less was she noted of any unfitting talk, which, as it was ever hateful to her ears, so did it never defile her breath. Of feeding, she was very measurable, rather too sparing than too liberal a diet: so religious for observing of fasts, that never in her sickness she could hardly be won to break them; and if our souls be possessed in our patience, surely her soul was truly her own, whose rock, though often stricken with the rod of adversity, never yielded any more than to give issue of eye streams; and though these, through the tenderness of her nature and aptness of her sex, were the customary tributes that her love paid more to her friends than her own misfortunes, yet were they not accompanied with distempered words or ill seeming actions; reason never forgetting decency, though remembering pity.

Her devotions she daily observed, offering the daily sacrifice of an innocent heart, and stinting herself to her times of prayer, which she performed with so religious a care as well shewed that she knew how high a Majesty she served. I need not write how dutifully she discharged all the behoofs of a most loving wife, since that was the commonest theme of her praise; yet this may be said without im-  
proof to any, that whosoever in this behalf may be counted her equal, none can justly be thought her superior: where she owed, she payed duty; where she found, she turned courtesy; where-soever she was known, she deserved amity; desirous of the best, yet disdaining none but evil company, she was readier to requite benefits than revenge wrongs; more grieved than angry with unkind-



ness of friends, when either mistaking or misreport occasioned any breaches ; for if their words carry credit, it entered deepest into her thoughts, they have acquitted her from all spice of malice, not only against her friends, whose dislikes were but a retire to slip further into friendship, but even her greatest enemies, to whom if she had been a judge as she was a suppliant, I assuredly think she would have redressed, but not revenged her wrongs. In sum, she was an honour to her predecessors, a light to her age, and a pattern to her posterity ; neither was her conclusion different from her premises, or her death from her life ; she shewed no dismay, being warned of her danger, carrying in her conscience the safe conduct of innocence. But having sent her desires to heaven before with a mild countenance, and a most calm mind, in more hope than fear, she expected her own passage, she commended both her duty and goodwill to all her friends, and cleared her heart from all grudge towards her enemies, wishing true happiness to them both, as best became so soft and gentle a mind, in which anger never stayed but as an unwelcome stranger.

She made open profession that she did die true to her religion, true to her husband, true to God and the world ; she enjoyed her judgment as long as she breathed, her body earnestly offering her last devotions, supplying in thought what faintness suffered not her tongue to utter : in the end, when her glass was run out, and death began to challenge his interest, some labouring with too late remedies to hinder the delivery of her sweet soul, she desired them eftsoons to let her go to God ; and her hopes calling her to eternal kingdoms, as one rather falling asleep than dying, she most happily took her leave of all mortal miseries.

Such was the life, such was the death of your dearest sister, both so full of true comfort, that this surely of her virtues may be a sufficient lenitive to your bitterest griefs. For you are not (I hope) in the number of those that reckon it a part of their pain to hear of their best remedies, thinking the rehearsal of your dead

friends' praises an upbraiding of their loss : but sith the oblivion of her virtues were injurious to her, let not the mention of her person be offensive unto you, and be not you grieved with her death, with which she is best pleased. So blessed a death is rather to be wished of us, than pitied in her, whose soul triumpheth with God, whose virtues still breatheth in the mouths of infinite praises, and liveth in the memories of all to whom either experience made her known, or fame was not envious to conceal her deserts : she was a jewel, that both God and you desired to enjoy ; he to her assured benefit without self-interest, you for allowable respects, yet employing her restraint among certain hazards and most uncertain hopes.

Be then umpire in your own cause, whether your wishes or God's will importeth more love, the one the adornment of her exile, the other her return into a most blessed country ; and sith it pleased God in this love to be your rival, let your discretion decide the doubt, whom in due should carry the suit, the prerogative being but a right to the one ; for nature and grace being the motives of both your loves, she had the best title in them, that was author of them ; and she, if worthy to be beloved of either, as she was of both, could not but prefer him to the dearest portion of her deepest affection ; let him with good leave gather the grape of his own vine, and pluck the fruit of his own planting, and think so curious works ever safest in the artificer's hand, who is likeliest to love them, and best able to preserve them ; she did therefore her duty in dying willingly : and if you will do yours, you must be willing with her death, sith to repine at her liking is discourtesy at God's, an impiety both unfitting for your approved virtue. She being in place where no grief can annoy her, she hath little need, or less joy of your sorrow ; neither can she allow in her friends that she would loathe in herself, love never affecting likeness : if she had been evil she had not deserved our tears ; being good, she cannot desire them, nothing being less to the likeness of goodness, than to see itself any cause

of unjust disquiet or trouble to the innocent. Would Saul have thought it friendship to have wept for his fortune, in having found a kingdom by seeking of cattle? or David account it a courtesy to have sorrowed at his success, that from following sheep came to foil a giant, and to receive in fine a royal crown for his victory<sup>1</sup>? Why then should her lot be lamented, whom higher favour hath raised from the dust to sit with princes of God's people? If security had been given that a longer life should still have been guided by virtue, and followed with good fortune, you might pretend some cause to complain of her decease. But if different effects should have crossed your hopes (process of time being the parent of strange alterations), then had death been friendlier than yourself; and sith it hung in suspense which of the two would have happened, let us allow God so much discretion as to think him the fittest arbitrator in decision of the doubt<sup>2</sup>: her foundations of happiness were in the holy hills, and God saw it fittest for her building to be but low in the vale of tears; and better it was it should be soon taken down, than by rising too high to have oppressed her soul with the ruins.

Think it no injury that she is now taken from you, but a favour that she was lent you so long; and shew no unwillingness to restore God his own, sith hitherto you have paid no usury for it. Consider not how much longer you might have enjoyed her, but how much sooner you might have lost her; and sith she was held upon courtesy, not by any covenant, take our sovereign right for a sufficient reason of her death: our life is but lent, a good to make thereof during the loan our best commodity. It is due debt to a more certain owner than ourselves, and therefore so long as we have it we receive a benefit; when we are deprived of it we have no wrong, we are tenants at will of this clay farm, not for term of years; when we are warned out we must be ready to remove, having no other title but the owner's pleasure: it is but an inn, not a home<sup>3</sup>; we came but to

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings 17. Psalm 112.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm 86.

<sup>3</sup> Ecclesiasticus 10.

bait, not to dwell, and the condition of our entrance was in fine to depart. If this departure be grievous, it is also common ; this to-day to me, to-morrow to thee, and the case equally afflicting all, leaves none any cause to complain of injurious usage.

Nature's debt is sooner exacted of some than of other, yet is there no fault in the creditor that exacteth but his own, but in the greediness of our eager hopes, either repining that their wishes fail, or willingly forgetting their mortality, whom they are unwilling by experience to see mortal : yet the general tide washeth all passengers to the same shore, some sooner, some later, but all at the last ; and we must settle our minds to take our course as it cometh, never fearing a thing so necessary, yet ever expecting a thing so uncertain. It seemeth that God purposely concealed the time of our death, leaving us resolved between fear and hope of longer continuance ; cut off unripe cares, lest with the notice and pensiveness of our divorce from the world we should lose the comfort of needful contentments, and before our dying day languish away with expectation of death. Some are taken in their first step into this life, receiving in one their welcome and farewell, as though they had been born only to be buried, and to take their passport in this hourly middle of their course ; the good, to prevent change ; the bad, to shorten their impiety. Some live till they be weary of life, to give proof of their good hap that had a kindlier passage ; yet though the date be divers, the debt is all one, equally to be answered of all as their time expireth : for who is the man shall live and not see death<sup>1</sup> ? sith we all die, and like water slide upon the earth<sup>2</sup>.

In paradise we received the sentence of death, and here, as prisoners, we are kept in ward, tarrying but our times till the gaoler call us to our execution. Whom hath any virtue eternized, or desert commended to posterity, that hath not mourned in life,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm 88.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Kings 14. Gen. 5.

and been mourned after death, no assurance of joy being sealed without some tears? Even our blessed Lady, the mother of God, was thrown down as deep in temporal miseries as she was advanced high in spiritual honours, none amongst all mortal creatures finding in life more proof than she of her mortality : for, having the noblest son that ever woman was mother of, not only above the condition of men, but above the glory of angels, being her son only, without temporal father, and thereby the love of both parents doubled in her breast, being her only son without other issue, and so her love of all children finished in him ; yea, he being God, and she the nearest creature to God's perfections, yet no prerogative either quitted her from mourning, or him from dying ; and though they surmounted the highest angels in all other pre-eminences, yet were they equal with the meanest men in the sentence of death. And howbeit our lady being the pattern of Christian mourners, so tempered her anguish, that there was neither any thing undone that might be exacted of a mother, nor any thing done that might be misliked in so perfect a matron ; yet by this we may guess with what courtesies death is likely to befriend us, that durst cause so bloody funerals in so heavenly a stock, not exempting him from the law of dying that was the author of life, and soon after to honour his triumphs with ruins and spoil of death.

Seeing therefore that death spareth none, let us spare our tears for better uses, being but an idle sacrifice to this deaf and implacable executioner. And for this, not long to be continued, where they can never profit, Nature did promise us a weeping life, exacting tears for custom as our first entrance, and for suiting our whole course in this doleful beginning : therefore they must be used with measure that must be used so often, and so many causes of weeping lying yet in the debt, sith we cannot end our tears, let us at the least reserve them if sorrow cannot be shunned. Let it be taken in time of need, sith otherwise being both troublesome



and fruitless, it is a double misery, or an open folly. We moisten not the ground with precious waters; they were 'stilled to nobler ends, either by their fruits to delight our senses, or by their operation to preserve our healths. Our tears are water of too high a price to be prodigally poured in the dust of any graves: if they be tears of love, they perfume our prayers, making them odour of sweetness, fit to be offered on the altar before the throne of God; if tears of contrition, they are water of life to the dying and corrupting souls<sup>1</sup>; they may purchase favour, and repeal the sentence till it be executed, as the example of Ezechias<sup>2</sup> doth testify, but when the punishment is past, and the verdict performed in effect, their pleading is in vain, as David<sup>3</sup> taught us when his child was dead; saying, that he was likelier to go to it, than it, by his weeping, to return to him: learn, therefore, to give sorrow no long dominion over you.

Wherefore the wise should rather mark than expect an end; meet it not when it cometh; do not invite it when it is absent; when you feel it do not force it, sith the brute creatures, which (nature seldom erring in her course, guideth in the mean) have but a short though vehement sense of their losses, you should bury the sharpness of your grief with the corpse, and rest contented with a kind, yet a mild compassion, neither less than decent for you, nor more than agreeable to your nature and judgment; your much heaviness would renew a multitude of griefs, and your eyes would be springs to many streams, adding to the memory of the dead a new occasion of plaint by your own discomfort; the motion of your heart measureth the beating of many pulses, which in any distemper of your quiet, with the like stroke, will soon bewray themselves sick of your disease: your fortune, though hard, yet is it notorious, and though moved in mishap, and set in an unworthy lanthorn, yet your own light shineth far, and maketh you markable: all will bend attentive eye upon you, observing how you

<sup>1</sup> Apoc. 8.    <sup>2</sup> 3 Kings 26.    <sup>3</sup> 2 Kings 11.

ward this blow of temptation, and whether your patience be a shield of proof, or easily entered with these violent strokes. It is commonly expected that so high thoughts, which have already climbed over the hardest dangers, should not now stoop to any vulgar or female complaints: great personages, whose estate draweth upon them many eyes, as they cannot but be themselves, so may not they use the liberty of meaner estates; the laws of nobility not allowing them to direct their deeds by their desires, but to limit their desires to that which is decent.

Nobility is an aim for lower degrees to level at marks of higher perfection, and like stately windows in the north-east rooms of politic and civil buildings, to let in such light, and lie open to such prospects, as may afford their inferiors both to find means and motions to heroical virtues. If you should determine to dwell ever in sorrow, it were a wrong to your wisdom, and countermanded by your quality; if ever you mind to surcease it, no time fitter than the present, sith the same reasons that hereafter might move you are now as much in force. Yield to wisdom that you must yield to time; be beholden to yourself, not to time, for the victory; make it a voluntary work of discretion, that will otherwise be a necessary work of delay. We think it not enough to have our own measure brimful with evil, unless we make it run over with others' miseries, taking their misfortunes as our punishments, and executing foreign penalties upon ourselves. Yea, disquiet minds being ever bellows to their own flames, mistake oftentimes others good for ill, their folly making it a true scourge to them, that howsoever it seemed 'twas to others a benefit. Jacob out of Joseph's absence sucked such surmises as he made his heart a prey to his agonies; whereas that that buried him in his own melancholies raised Joseph to his highest happiness; If Mary Magdalen said, and supposed she could have sunk no deeper in grief than she had already plunged herself, and yet that which she imagined the uttermost of evils proved in conclusion the very bliss of her wishes; the like may be your error, if you cumber

your mind with thinking upon her death, which would never be discharged from cares till death set his hand to her acquittance; nor receive the charter of an eternal being till her soul were presented at the sealing. I loathe to rub the scar of a deeper wound, for fear of renewing a dead discomfort; yet if you will favour your own remedies, the mastery over that grief that springs from the root may learn you to qualify this that buddeth from the branch; let not her losses move you that are acquainted with greater of your own; and taught, by experience, to know how uncertain this change is, for whom unconstant fortune throweth the dice, if she want the wonted titles.

Her part is now indeed, and they were due but upon the stage, her loss therein is but a wrack of wounds, in which she is but even with the height of princes, surpassing both herself in them and the new honours of heavenly style. If she have left her children, it was her wish they should repay her absence with usury; yet had she sent her first-fruits before her as pledges of her own coming. And now may we say that the sparrow hath found a home, and the turtle-dove a nest, where she may lay her younglings, enjoying some and expecting the rest. If she be taken from her friends, she is also delivered from her enemies, in hope hereafter to enjoy the first, out of fear of ever being troubled with the latter. If she be cut off in her youth, no age is unripe for a good death; and having ended her task, though never so short, yet she hath lived out of her full time.

Old age is venerable, not long, to be measured by increase of virtues, not by number of years; for heaviness consisteth in wisdom<sup>1</sup>, and an unspotted life is the ripeness of the perfectest age. If she were in possibility of preferment, she could hardly have wanted higher than from whence she was thrown: having been bruised with the first, she had little will to climb for a second fall. We might hitherto truly have said, this is that *Naomi*<sup>2</sup>, she being

<sup>1</sup> Sap. 4.    <sup>2</sup> Ruth 1.

to her end enriched with many outward, and more inward graces. But whether hereafter she would have bid us not to call her *Naomi*, that is, *fair*, but *Mara*, that signifieth *bitter*, it is uncertain, sith she might have fallen into the widow's felicity, that so changed her name to the likeness of her lot. Insomuch that she is freed from more miseries than she suffered losses, and more fortunate by not desiring than she would be by enjoying Fortune's favour, which if it be not counted a folly to love, yet it is a true happiness not to need; we may rather think that death was provided against her imminent harms, than envious of any future prosperities: the times being great with so many broils, that when they once fall in labour we shall think their condition securest, whom absence hath exempted both from feeling the bitter throes, and beholding the monstrous issue that they are likely to bring forth. The more you tender her, the more temperate should be your grief, sith seeing you upon going, she did but step before you into the next world, to which she thought you to belong more than to this, which hath already given you the most ungrateful congee.

They that are upon removing send their furniture before them; and you, still standing upon your departure, what ornament could you rather wish in your future abode than this that did ever please you? God thither sendeth your adamants, whither he would draw your heart, and casteth your anchors where your thoughts should lie at road, that seeing your love taken out of the world, and your hopes disanchored from the stormy shore, you might settle your desire where God seemeth to require them. If you would have wished her life for an example to your house, assure yourself she hath left her friends so inherited with her virtues, and so perfect patterns of her best part, that who knoweth the survivors may see the deceased, and shall find little difference but in the number, which before was greater, but not better, unless it were in one repetition of the same goodness; wherefore set yourself at rest in the ordinance of God, whose works are perfect, and whose wisdom

is infinite. The terms of our life are like the seasons of the year, some for sowing, some for growing, and some for reaping; in this only different, that as the heavens keep their prescribed periods, so the succession of times have their appointed changes. But in the seasons of our life, which are not the law of necessary causes, some are reaped in the seed, some in the blade, some in the unripe ears, all in the end; this harvest depending upon the reaper's will.

Death is too ordinary a thing to seem any novelty, being a familiar guest in every house; and sith his coming is expected, and his errand unknown, neither his presence should be feared, nor his effects lamented. What wonder is it to see fuel burned, spice pounded, or snow melted? and as little fear it is to see those dead that were born upon condition once to die: she was such a compound as was once to be resolved unto her simples, which is now performed: her soul being given to God, and her body resorted into her first elements, it could not dislike you to see your friend removed out of a ruinous house, and the house itself destroyed and pulled down, if you knew it were to build it in a statelier form, and to turn the inhabitant with more joy into a fairer lodging. Let then your sister's soul depart without grief, let her body also be altered into dust.

Withdraw your eyes from the ruin of this cottage, and cast them upon the majesty of the second building, which St. Paul saith shall be incorruptible, glorious, strange, spiritual, and immortal. Night and sleep are perpetual mirrors, figuring in their darkness, silence, shutting up of senses, the final end of our mortal bodies; and for this some have intitled sleep the eldest brother of death: but with no less convenience it might be called one of death's tenants, near unto him in affinity of condition, yea, far inferior in right, being but tenant for a time, of that death is the inheritance; for, by virtue of the conveyance made unto him in paradise, that dust we were, and to dust we must return, he hath hitherto shewed his seigniory over all,

exacting of us, not only the yearly, but hourly reverence of time, which ever by minutes we defray unto him ; so that our very life is not only a memory, but a part of our death, sith the longer we have lived, the less we have to live. What is the daily lessening of our life, but a continual dying? and therefore none is more grieved with the running out of the last sand in an hour-glass, than with all the rest, so should not the end of the last hour trouble us any more of so many that went before, sith that did but finish course, that all the rest were still ending, not the quantity, but the quality commendeth our life. The ordinary gain of long livers being only a great burden of sin ; for, as in tears, so in life, the value is not esteemed by the length, but by the fruit and goodness, which often is more in the least than in the longest. What your sister wanted in continuance she supplied in speed ; and as with her needle she wrought more in a day than many ladies in a year, having both excellent skill, and no less delight in working ; so with her diligence doubling her endeavours, she won more virtue in half, than others in a whole life.

Her death to time was her birth to eternity, the loss of this world an exchange of a better ; one endowment that she had being impaired, but many far greater added to her store. Mardocheus's house was too obscure a dwelling for so gracious an Hester, shrowding royal parts in the mantle of a mean estate, and shadowing immortal benefits under earthly veils. It was fitter that she, being a sum of so rare perfections, and so well worthy a spouse of our heavenly Abashuerus, should be carried to his court from her former abode, there to be invested in glory, and to enjoy both place and pre-eminence answerable to her worthiness ; her love would have been less able to have borne her death, than your constancy to brook hers, and therefore God mercifully closed her eyes before they were punished with so grievous a sight, taking out to you but a new lesson of patience out of your old book, in which long study hath made you perfect. Though your hearts were equally balanced



with a mutual and most entire affection, and the doubt insoluble, which of you loved most, yet Death finding her weaker, though not the weaker vessel, laid his weight in her balance, to bring her soonest to her rest : let your mind therefore consent to that which your tongue daily craveth, that God's will may be done, as well here in earth of her mortal body, and in that little heaven of her purest soul, sith his will is the best measure of all events.

There is in this world continual interchange of pleasing and greeting accident, still keeping their succession of times, and overtaking each other in their several courses ; no picture can be all drawn of the brightest colours, nor a harmony consorted only of trebles ; shadows are needful in expressing of proportions, and the bass is a principal part in perfect music ; the condition of our exile here alloweth no unmeddled joy, our whole life is temperate between sweet and sour, and we must all look for a mixture of both : the wise so wish : better that they still think of worse, accepting the one if it come with liking, and bearing the other without impatience, being so much masters of each other's fortunes, that neither shall work them to excess. The dwarf groweth not on the highest hill, nor the tall man loseth not his height in the lowest valley ; and as a base mind, though most at ease, will be dejected, so a resolute virtue in the deepest distress is most impregnable.

They evermore most perfectly enjoy their comforts, that least fear their contraries ; for a desire to enjoy carrieth with it a fear to lose, and both desire and fear are enemies to quiet possession, making men rather owners of God's benefits than tenants at his will : the cause of our troubles are, that our misfortunes hap either to unwitting or unwilling minds ; foresight preventeth the one, necessity the other : for he taketh away the smart of present evils that attendeth their coming, and is not amated with any cross that is armed against all ; where necessity worketh without our consent, the effect should never greatly afflict us, grief being bootless where it cannot

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help, needless where there was no fault. God casteth the dice, and giveth us our chance; the most we can do is, to take the point that the cast will afford us, not grudging so much that it is no better, as comforting ourselves it is no worse. If men should lay all their evils together, to be afterwards by equal portions divided among them, most men would rather take that they brought, than stand to the division; yet such is the partial judgment of self-love, that every man judgeth his self-misery too great, fearing if he can find some circumstance to increase it, and making it intolerable by thought to induce it.

When Moses threw his rod from him, it became a serpent, ready to sting, and affrighted him, insomuch as it made him to flee; but being quietly taken up, it was a rod again, serviceable for his use, no way hurtful. The cross of Christ, and rod of every tribulation, seeming to threaten stinging and terror to those that shun and eschew it, but they that mildly take it up and embrace it with patience, may say with David<sup>1</sup>, thy rod and thy staff have been my comfort. In this, affliction resembleth the crocodile; fly, it pursueth and frights; followed, it flieth and feareth: a shame to the constant, a tyrant to the timorous. Soft minds, that think only upon delights, admit no other consideration; but in soothing things become so effeminate as that they are apt to bleed with every sharp impression. But he that useth his thoughts with expectation of troubles, making their travel through all hazards, and opposing his resolution against the sharpest encounters, findeth in the proof facility of patience, and easeth the load of most heavy cumbers.

We must have temporal things in use, but eternal in wish, that in the one neither delight exceed (in that we have no desire in that we want); and in the other our most delight is here in desire, and our whole desire is hereafter to enjoy. They straiten too much their joys, that draw them into the reach and compass of their

<sup>1</sup> Psalm 12.

senses, as if it were no facility where no sense is witness ; whereas, if we exclude our passed and future contentments, pleasant pleasures have so fickle assurance, that either as forestalled before their arrival, or interrupted before their end, or ended before they are well begun. The repetition of former comforts, and the expectation of after hopes, is ever a relief unto a virtuous mind ; whereas others, not suffering their life to continue in the conveniences of that which was and shall be divided, this day from yesterday and to-morrow, and by forgetting all, and forecasting nothing, abridge their whole life into the moment of present time.

Enjoy your sister in your former virtues, enjoy her also in her future meeting, being both titles of more certain delights than her casual life could ever have warranted. If we will think of her death, let it be as a warning to provide us, sith that that happeneth to one may happen to another ; yea, none can escape that is common to all. It may be, that blow that hit her was meant to some of us ; and this missing was but a proof to take better aim in the next stroke. If we were diligent in thinking of our own, we should have little leisure to bewail others' death. When the soldier in skirmish seeth his next fellow slain, he thinketh more time to look to himself, than to stand mourning a hapless mischance, knowing the hand which sped so near a neighbour cannot be far from his own head. But we in this behalf are much like the silly birds, that seeing one stick in the lime-bush, striving to get away, with a kind of native pity are drawn to go to it, and to rush themselves into the same misfortune ; even so many of their friends decease, by musing on their lot, wittingly surfeit of too much sorrow, that sometimes they make mourning their last decease : but slip not you into this toil, that hath taken none but weak affections ; hold not your eyes always upon your hardest haps, neither be you still occupied in counting your losses.

There are fairer parts in your body than scars, better eye-marks in your fortune than a sister's loss ; you might happily find more comfort left than you would willingly lose. But that you have already

resigned the solaces of life, and shunned all comforts into the hopes of heaven, yet sith there is some difference between a purpose and proof, intending and performing, a subdued enemy being ever ready to rebel when he findeth mighty helps to make a party, it is good to strengthen reason against the violence of nature, that in this and like cases will renew her assaults. It was a forcible remedy that he used to withstand the conceit of a most lamentable occurrent, who having in one ship lost his children and substance, and hardly escaped himself from drowning, went presently into an hospital of lazars, where finding in a little room many examples of great miseries, he made the smart of others' sores a lenitive to his own wound; for besides that, as lowness and poverty was common to them, they had also many cumpers private to themselves, some wanting their senses, some their wits, other their limbs, but all their health: in which consideration he eased his mind, that Fortune had not given him the greatest fall.

If God had put you to Abraham's trial, commanding you to sacrifice the hope of your posterities, and to be to your only son an author of death, as you were to him of life; if you had been tied in the straits of Jephtha's bitter devotions, imbruing his sword in his own daughter's blood, and ending the triumphs over his enemies with the voluntary funerals of his only offspring: yet, sith both their lives and their labours had been God's undeemable debt, your virtues ought to have obeyed, maugre all encounters of carnal affection. And how much more in this case should you incline your love to God's liking; in which he hath received a less part of his own, and that by the usual easiest course of nature's laws.

Let God strip you to the skin, yea, to the soul, so he stay with you himself; let this reproach be your honour, his poverty your riches, and he in lieu of all other friends: think him enough for this world, that must be all your possession for a whole eternity. Let others ease their carefulness with borrowed pleasures, not bred out of the true root, but begged of external helps: they shall still carry

unquiet minds, easily altered with every accident, sith they labour not any change in their inward distempers, but by forgetting them for a time by outward pastimes. Innocency is the only mother of true mirth; and a soul that is owner of God will quietly bear with all other wants, nothing being able to impoverish it but voluntary losses. Bear not therefore with her losses, for she is won for ever, but with the momentary absence of your most happy sister; yea, it cannot justly be called an absence, many thoughts being daily in parley with her: only men's eyes and ears, unworthy to enjoy so sweet an object, have resigned their interest, and interested this treasure in their hearts, being the fittest shrines for so pure a saint, whom, as none did know but did love, so none can now remember with devotion.

Men may behold her with shame of their former life, seeing one of the weaker sex honour her weakness with such a train of perfections: ladies may admire her as a glory to their degree, in whom honour was portrayed in her full likeness, grace having perfected nature's first draught with all the due colours of an absolute virtue: all women accept her as a pattern, to imitate her gifts; and her good parts having been so manifested, that even they that can teach the finest stitches may themselves take new works out of this sampler. Who then could drink any sorrow out of so clear a fountain, or bewail the estate of so happy a creature, to whom, as to be herself, was her praise; so, to be as she is, was her highest bliss? You still float in a troublesome sea, and you find it by experience a sea of dangers: how then can it pity you to see your sister on shore, and so safely landed in so blissful an harbour? Sith your Judith<sup>1</sup> hath wrought the glorious exploit against her ghostly enemies, for the accomplishing whereof she came into the dangerous camp and warfare of this life, you may well give her leave to look home to her Bethulia, to solemnize her triumph with the spoils of her victory; yea, you should rather have wished to have been porter to let her in, than mourn to see her safe returned. For so apparent hazards, she car-

<sup>1</sup> Judith 15.

ried a heavenly treasure in an earthly vessel<sup>1</sup>, which was too weak a treasury for so high riches, sin creeping in at the window of our senses, and often picking the locks of the strongest hearts. And for this it was laid up in a surer, to the which the heavens are walls, and the angels keepers.

She was a pure fish, but yet swimming in muddy streams; it was now time to draw her to shore, and to employ the inwards of her virtues to medicinable uses, that laid on the coals of due consideration, they may draw from our thoughts the devil's suggestions; and applied to their eyes<sup>2</sup>, which are blinded with the dung of flying vanities, the slime of their former vanities may fall off, and leave them able to behold the clear light. The base shell of a mortal body was unfit for so precious a margarite; and the jeweller that came into this world to seek good pearls<sup>3</sup>, and gave, not only all he had, but himself also, to buy them, thought now high time to bring her unto his bargain, finding her grown to a margarite's full perfection.

She stood upon too low a ground to take view of her Saviour's most desired countenance; and forsaking the earth with Zaccheus<sup>4</sup>, she climbed up into the tree of life, there to give her soul a full repast of her beauties. She departed with Jephtha's daughter from her father's house, but to pass some months in wandering about the mountains of this troublesome world, which being now expired, she was, after her pilgrimage, by covenant to return to be offered unto God in a grateful sacrifice, and to ascend out of this desert like a stem of perfume out of burned spices. Let not therefore the crown of her virtue be the foil of her constancy, nor the end of her cumbers a renewing of yours. But sith God was well pleased to call her, she not displeased to go, and you the third twist to make a triple cord, saying, Our Lord gave, and our Lord took away<sup>5</sup>; as it hath pleased our Lord, so hath it fallen out: the name of our Lord be blessed.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Cor. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Tob. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Matt. 13.

<sup>4</sup> Luke 19.

<sup>5</sup> Job 1.



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*Clara Ducum soboles, superis nova sedibus hospes,  
 Clausit in offenso tramite pura diem;  
 Dotibus ornavit, superavit moribus ortum,  
 Omnibus una prior, par fuit una sibi:  
 Lux genus ingenio generi lux inclita virtus,  
 Virtutisque fuit mens generosa decus.  
 Mors muta at properata dies orbemque relinquit,  
 Prolem matre verum conjuge flore genus,  
 Occidit a se alium tulit hic occasus in ortum,  
 Vivat, ad occiduas non reditura vices.*

OF Howard's stem a glorious branch is dead,  
 Sweet lights eclipsed were at her decease :  
 In Buckhurst line she gracious issue spread,  
 She heaven with two, with four did earth increase :  
 Fame, honour, grace, gave air unto her breath;  
 Rest, glory, joys, were sequels of her death.

Death aim'd too high, he hit too choice a wight,  
 Renown'd for birth, for life, for lively parts;  
 He kill'd her cares, he brought her worths to light;  
 He robb'd our eyes, but hath enrich'd our hearts :  
 Lot let out of her ark a Noah's dove;  
 But many hearts were arks unto her love.

Grace, Nature, Fortune did in her conspire,  
 To shew a proof of their united skill;  
 Sly Fortune, ever false, did soon retire,  
 But double grace supplied false Fortune's ill :  
 And though she raught not to Fortune's pitch,  
 In grace and virtue few were found so rich.

Heaven of this heavenly pearl is now possest,  
In whose lustre was the blaze of honour's light :  
Whose substance pure, of every good the best,  
Whose price the crown of highest right,  
Whose praise to be herself, whose greatest bliss  
To live to love, to be where now she is.

FINIS.

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• From the Private Press of  
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.  
Printed by T. DAVISON, Whitefriars, London.

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